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5-27-1886

Providence Independent, V. 11, Thursday, May 27, 1886, [Whole Number: 570]

Providence Independent

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Recommended Citation

Independent, Providence, "Providence Independent, V. 11, Thursday, May 27, 1886, [Whole Number: 570]" (1886). *Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898*. 349.
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Department of Science.

EDITED BY DR. J. HAMER, SR.

Matter, Force and Consequent Motion.

When we come to investigate the phenomena occurring around us through the operation of natural law, with the sole object of arriving at the truth so far as it is presented to us through our senses and subjected to the understanding and reason, there is but one conclusion at which we can arrive, viz.:—That in every phenomenon occurring around us, whether in the inorganic or organic world, there must be these three things present—matter, force, and some consequent form of motion. It seems hardly necessary to call attention to what is now so well understood, the law of attraction. How as bodies of matter approach each other their motion is accelerated in mathematical proportion as the square of their distance diminishes. In light and heat we behold the same law, the order only being reversed, the power diminishing in proportion as the squares of the distance increase from the focal point whence they start. Force and motion in matter when suddenly arrested gives rise to the phenomena of light and heat through our senses of vision and touch, and heat energy acting upon matter gives rise to force and molecular motion (the movements of the atoms or minute portions of bodies), the former of which can be proven by simply striking two hard substances together, as for instance, a piece of steel and flint, when light becomes evident. If an anvil is struck vigorously with a hammer, heat becomes very evident to the sense of touch. And the latter can be shown by examining the bars of iron along a railroad track when the heat from the sun is exerting a strong force. That there is a movement through the bars becomes evident to our sense of hearing through the ear; we hear the movement. In every case when the molecules of matter are made to approach each other, whether by aggregation through attractive force, or by any rapid artificial compression, the phenomena of heat, or heat with light, becomes manifest. Aggregation and disintegration of matter we find to be occurring continually around us through attraction and heat, and it has been through the operation of these two forms of force, one mutually convertible into the other, that our world has been made to assume a globular form, revolve on its axis, and describe a regular orbit round the sun, before any form of organic life existed upon its surface. The whole series of motion, resulting from the presence of matter and force in nature giving rise to phenomena, manifest to one or more of our senses, is carried on in a uniform, unchangeable and orderly manner, as if by intelligence and wisdom. If it was not carried on in a uniform and orderly manner in the inorganic world of matter, Sir Isaac Newton would not, from observing an apple falling from a tree, have been able to demonstrate the government of moving bodies of matter throughout the universe without leaving his arm chair (as it is stated). Nor could the momentum of a body of matter moving, affected by force, universally be found by multiplying its quantity of matter by its velocity, if it was not carried on universally by mathematical precision. Kepler could not have found a rule which he declared two hundred years before it was demonstrated as a fact, that the square of the periodic times of the planets' revolutions are as the cubes of their distances and the area embraced in any part of the orbit through which the moving body advances, any specified length of time is equal. Nor could it be calculated that the time it would take the centrifugal force (the attraction of gravitation of the larger around which the smaller body revolves) to draw it to itself were the centrifugal (or projectile) force to cease to operate is equal to its periodic time, divided by the square root of thirty-two. It was upon the principle of uniformity that La Place calculated the period of time that Saturn performs her rotation before it was proved by observation. The globular masses of matter composing the worlds of our solar system having obtained a position where there is an equilibrium between centrifugal force (the force projecting) them from a revolving parent body of matter, the sun, and centrifugal force, (the force of gravity) which tends to draw them back to the sun. Force in these two forms propel and draw them around the sun in regular mathematical order, as the facts which we have just enumerated show.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

LADY LILLINGTON.

"Is there anything the matter, Flo? Speak! Tell me! Why are all the windows lighted up, and the house-door open, and you running into the road to meet me? Why, child, you can hardly answer!"

"Oh, father, I am afraid some one has been trying to rob us! Susan thinks it was a ghost. It is she who has put candles in all the rooms to 'keep the ghost away,' she says."

"A ghost! What nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Michael Arlington, drawing his daughter's hand within his arm. "Now, Florence, tell me what really occurred."

"Yes, father," answered she. "This is what happened: About half-past five o'clock Susan came into the sitting-room to carry away the tea tray, and she says that she saw a lady bending over the davenport which stands unused in the corner, seemingly trying to open it. At first, though startled, Susan thought the lady was a visitor whom I had brought in, as I was then in the garden; but when the intruder perceived that there was some one looking at her she gave a scream, drew a veil over her face, and fled out at the window, which was wide open. There really must have been somebody there, father. What could she want?"

"How can I tell?" returned Mr. Arlington, and his daughter thought he was disturbed by this unusual incident. Yet she was very sure that he was not a believer in ghosts.

On reaching the house Susan was called and questioned. The old servant was still in a great state of excitement. The lady was "deadly pale," she asseverated, "with large, hollow eyes, and screamed before vanishing."

"Come, come, Susan; she ran out on the lawn, didn't she? That was not vanishing," returned Mr. Arlington. But Susan was persistent about the vanishing, and despite her master's injunctions, the whole village, ay residents far beyond the village, soon heard of the Laurel Cottage ghost; and amongst others, Mr. Cecil Lauson—Sir Bertram Lauson's heir.

"I will tell you what, uncle," said the young man; "if the ghost is troublesome I shall make acquaintance with Mr. Arlington, and offer my services in laying the spirit. One ought to help one's neighbor in such a crisis."

"My dear boy, Mr. Arlington can hardly be called a neighbor; he lives at least a dozen miles off, you know," said the uncle.

"All the same, I should like to trap his ghost for him," rejoined Cecil.

It was the beginning of April when the rumor of the ghost at Laurel Cottage was first spread abroad. Toward the end of this month this rumor was confined in an extraordinary manner. Flo was in the sitting-room alone just as it was getting dusk; she had just come down stairs, and was going to write a letter, when something brushed by her in the gloom, and before she recovered from her alarm, she saw a dark-robed figure fly from the apartment.

By the time the young lady regained her presence of mind and pursued her strange visitor, no trace or sound of her could be seen.

"Who can it be, father?" said Florence, almost in tears. "I am afraid to be in the house now without you."

"I am puzzled too, my dear child," replied Mr. Arlington. "Does Susan know of this?"

"Yes, father; for I was startled, and called out, and ran toward the kitchen. I am afraid Susan will tell everybody, as she did before."

Florence was right in her conjecture—in a day or two all the world around Laurel Cottage had heard of the reappearance of the "ghost."

Cecil Lauson was now determined to do something to unravel the mystery; so he begged a friend of his, living not two miles from Laurel Cottage, to take him for a day or two, he also begged the said friend to introduce him to Mr. and Miss Arlington.

"Ah, take care what you are about there, Lauson," said the friend. "The Arlingtons are charming people, but as poor as church mice. Miss Arlington is a beauty, and seventeen—take care what you do!"

Of course Cecil laughed, and was not deterred from naming the introduction he sought.

"I want to find the ghost," said he; "I don't want to fall in love with Miss Arlington."

"Well, I'll introduce you after

church-to-morrow," was the answer.

Thus it happened that next day, which was Sunday, the desired introduction took place; and something else, quite unlooked for on Mr. Cecil Lauson's part occurred also, for he fell in love at first sight with the fascinating girl, who lifted her blue eyes to his, and whose sweet voice (at her father's bidding) explained to him about the "ghost."

Yes, it was all over with Cecil Lauson from that hour. He had met his fate, and soon grew to worship the very ground she walked on. And Florence was very happy; she did not ask herself how her love-dream would end; but she had a fixed idea that it could not end happily, as she had heard Sir Bertram spoken of as being very wealthy, and Cecil was his heir. No matter. She would have this remembrance to live on when—when Cecil went away or married another.

The month of May had grown toward the end of its third week, but despite all Mr. Cecil Lauson's watching for the ghost, it never appeared. And by this time Mr. Arlington had begun to think that if all the rooms in his cottage had each their supernatural visitor, it would be better than to have this one driven from its haunt at the price of Flo's happiness. He would have to intimate to the young man that he could not come there so often—in fact, that it would be expedient to discontinue his visits, his daughter being so very young, and without a mother.

Flo's father sighed bitterly to himself as he mentally decided this; and his thoughts traveled back over his own life. Once he had loved, and lost his love solely on account of his own poverty; was the same fate to pursue his child?

Yes; the girl he had worshipped had married for gold, and left him to his poverty! She had become a very great lady, and was now a widowed countess—widowed and wealthy and childless. He wondered if she was moderately happy! And then he sighed from the depths of his soul. He had never intended to marry after this cruel desertion; yet he had done so because chance had revealed to him that a lovely orphan had become devotedly attached to him. It was thus that he had been induced to offer his hand to the gentle lady who had been Florence's mother, and who died fully eight years before.

It was on the very next day after his soliloquy that Florence came slowly across the lawn attached to their small dwelling (it was about half-past seven in the evening), and she was about to enter the sitting-room through the window, when her alarmed eyes caught the view of a shadowy figure bending over the davenport in the corner.

Florence drew a quick breath, suppressed a cry, and, determined to ascertain the truth, made a step within the long window.

"Who are you? Why do you come here?" faltered the frightened girl.

The figure at the desk smothered an exclamation of fear and sped to the door, which, however, she found locked, for Susan, terrified lest the ghost should reappear, would have closed door and window in her master's absence; but Florence had enjoined her to leave the window open this lovely evening, so she had contented herself with closing the door of the sitting-room.

This way of retreat thus cut off, the "ghost" stopped short, attempted to pass the lady of the house, but Florence was too quick for her, intercepting the path, and hastily closing the window, for the girl regained her courage as she perceived that the intruder looked terrified and sad, and was trembling from head to foot.

"Who are you? Why do you come here?" repeated Florence, in an unsteady voice.

It was difficult for her to imagine that the graceful, willowy form and pale, beautiful face of the intruder belonged to a thief, and certainly they were not those of a ghost.

"Hush! hush! have pity on me. Do not betray me!" implored the other.

"Betray you!" echoed Florence. "I must ask what you mean. Who are you?"

"Who are you?" replied the lady, in a low, agitated voice, which was yet full of melody. Florence's heart was fast melting toward her unexpected guest.

"Who am I?" said the girl. "I live here. I am Florence Arlington. Do you know my father?"

"Once I did!" exclaimed the stranger, sinking on her knees. "Oh, Florence—let me call you so—has your father never spoken to you of Ethel Lane?"

"Never, that I remember," replied the wondering Florence.

"Nor of Lady Lillington?"

"I have heard that Lady Lillington has bought a house in this neighborhood—that is all I know of her," answered Florence, wondering more and more.

"I was Ethel Lane—now I am Countess of Lillington—the woman whom your father first loved and who has always loved him. Florence, I have come here to ascertain if he has quite forgotten me. If he has not I will venture all; I will let him understand that I have never forgotten him."

By this time Florence's heart was beating fast and she stretched out her hands to Lady Lillington, though she could not speak at this moment. Ah, now she comprehended the meaning of one or two remarks her mother had let fall from her dying lips relative to her father.

"He has made me so happy! He has been always so tender and so noble, though I was not the woman he loved."

She had learned the sad romance in the life of her dear father, just as she had begun to realize that the romance of her own life would be sad; for she could never hope to marry Cecil Lauson—she had heard that his uncle was a stickler for his own dignity and for wealth on both sides of an engaged couple, or poverty on both sides; that made the match equal. Even if Cecil ever declared the love which shone in his eyes, how could she accept it, when it might bring him to poverty? But he would go away and never declare it.

"Speak to me! Do not turn against me!" entreated Lady Lillington, and then the next moment Florence was weeping in her arms.

It was some time before she grew composed enough to question Lady Lillington about what she wished to get out of the davenport.

"Florence, that will settle the question," was the reply. "Your father told me eighteen years ago, when he was but twenty-three, and I not quite your age, that he loved me so fondly that even my desertion would not quite kill his love—that he would guard forever a little water-color I had given him, a likeness of myself. 'See here,' he said; 'I put it here, Ethel, and there it shall stay till it is buried with me or till I joyfully place it where my eyes can quickly meet it upon our wedding day.' Florence, is it there now? If so, it is a gage that he loves me still. If not, I dare not ask him to forgive the past, and to share my fortune!"

"And this is why you came!" cried Florence, throwing her arms around Lady Lillington.

It was agreed between the loving confederates that the countess should pay one more visit to Laurel Cottage for the purpose of ascertaining whether the shabby little davenport contained her likeness; but that this time Florence should lend her aid by obtaining the key of the escritoire, and by admitting her herself to the sitting-room early one morning, long before any of the inmates of the cottage were astir.

Mr. Arlington was to be absent for a couple of days in the beginning of the ensuing week; that was the time selected for the trial.

The day dawned which was to have taken Flo's father from home, but a telegram received unexpectedly caused him to deter his journey.

There was no possibility of letting the countess know of this change of plans, but Florence strengthened herself with reflecting that so long before breakfast her father would not be down stairs.

Very softly the girl descended—very gently she unfastened the long shutters to admit Lady Lillington, who came in, her feet all wet with dew.

"Have you the key, my darling Florence?" whispered the agitated lady.

"Here! here!" whispered back the excited Florence; "and the portrait is there—I have searched!"

Hardly had she spoken the words when the door unclosed, and Michael Arlington, her father, walked in. Some restless memory had kept him wakeful; he had detected the noise of Florence's opening door; imagining that something was the matter, he had gone to his daughter's room and found it empty, then he had followed down stairs, and had come face to face with Ethel, his lost love.

With one faint cry the latter had thrown herself into Florence's arms.

"Father! oh, father, she loves you so!" said the young girl, disengaging herself from Lady Lillington, and stealing from the room.

All the country was soon afterward electrified by hearing that Mr. Michael Arlington was going to marry the still lovely Countess of Lillington, and that Miss Arlington and the Countess were inseparable.

It was in the loveliest glade of Lillington Park that Cecil Lauson told his tale of affection to the happy Florence; nor had the lovers anything now to fear from Sir Bertram's refusal to consent to their bridal, for it is a wholly different thing to wed the daughter of a man who has just married a very wealthy widow, holding a high position in society, from that which is involved by wedding the child of a penniless man.

Only to Cecil, and under promise of secrecy to Susan, was the solution of the ghost story revealed; but it was many a day before the village folks ceased to declare that Laurel Cottage was haunted.

About Cheerful Men.

If cheerful men were selling for ten cents apiece, and I had a thousand dollars to throw away, I wouldn't buy one of them. I used to have a positive reverence for a smiling, grinning, bland-voiced man. Many a time I've met Smith or Green or White on my way down town, and it would jump my soul a foot high to hear him call out:

"Well, my boy, beautiful morning, eh? Isn't everything just lovely? Why, I seem to be floating in mid-air! Why, sir, I wouldn't trade this earth for all the heavens ever preached about by the ministers. Have a cigar? No? Then have a drink? No? Dear me! but what can I do to brighten you up and make you feel like an angel on roller skates?"

And I'd stand off and look at him and wonder if the land beyond the skies did really contain a happier soul. Ah! the old hypocrite! I got to know, in after years, that his children were afraid of him, his wife trembled as he entered the door, and that it was his daily habit to growl out as he left the door:

"Wood! I bought \$2 worth last week. If that's gone we'll go without until Saturday. You are the most extravagant woman in Detroit. I believe you burn it up to spite me. Soap! Didn't I get a bar last Saturday? If you let the children play horse with the soap, you must take the consequences. Go down on the ferry! I'd like to see myself lugging three or four younguns and a limping wife around town!"

Your habitually cheerful man is an old fraud and a liar. He is well-dressed while his children are the rag bags of the neighborhood. He has a dollar for cigars when his wife wears a bonnet six years old. He passes for a whole-souled fellow with the public, but is a fault-finder at home. You'll see him taking the cool breezes on the river, while his family are weltering in a stuffy house on some back street.

I want to see a man grin when there is anything to grin at, but when Green gets up in the morning and declares he hasn't had a meal fit to eat for the last three months, and that he can't see why his wife is always groaning around and his children always whining, he has no business to stop the first man he meets, with a smile clear back to his ears, and shout out:

"Why, old fel, how solemn you do look! Brace up, man—life is worth the living ten times over?"

I used to reverence Green. He had a grip of the hand like a carpenter's vise—he had a voice as bland as June—

he'd make a consumptive believe that nothing more than a sore heel was the matter. I used to lie in ambush for him just to hear his hearty voice and see his serene countenance, and I'd go about my day's work wondering what sort of a guardian angel he had. I found out one day when a policeman had to go in and stop him from beating his wife.

When you find a man who can grin over the servant girl's jumping out at an hour's notice, with wife flat in bed, and the children having a scarlet fever look around the eyes, don't you go off on a fishing trip with him. When a man can soar among the angels with bill collectors ringing his doorbell—

last week's grocery bill unpaid—the children wanting shoes—the rent running behind and his wife coughing all night long, he's an infernal old fraud and ought to be kicked. When a chap who has frozen the children, jawed the cook and blasted his wife as a sort of morning tonic before leaving the house, meets you about a block from the gate and is troubled because you haven't got your angel's harp on your shoulder, keep your hand on any stray half dollar you happen to have about you. He's mean enough to steal chicken broth from a boy with a broken back. *M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.*

Bill Nye on Hotel Rolls.

A WARNING AGAINST THE MACADAMIZED BISCUIT OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

Guests at remote American hotels, conducted on the You're-a-payin' plan, have no doubt noticed, after a few weeks at the house, a heavy feeling in the pit of the stomach. At first this is mistaken for mental gloom, but this is an erroneous diagnosis. It is gastric gloom. It is induced by the great hand-to-hand conflict between the boom-proof biscuit of the hotel and eternal justice.

Eternal justice comes out on top, perhaps, but she is in poor shape to tackle the next one. These wads of gun cotton, plaster paris and alum are met with at the hotel where the crape is never taken off the door. Death and baking powder biscuits are synonymous terms. The old-fashioned poet used to picture death in the act of mowing down his millions with a scythe and a wappy-jawed snath, but now the bard could not be more vigorous in his language than to-day:

Death shied a hotel biscuit at him.

And he slept!

These macadamized rolls are made now with a flap on the top, I notice, similar to the flap on an old-fashioned pocketbook. The hunting-case biscuit is found to be superior to the old style, which could be opened with a nail. The present hotel roll—that is, the one we have in our mind—is made of condemned flour that has been refused on the Indian reservations and turned over to the war department. This flour, with amalgam filling and fire-proof works, makes a roll that will resist the action of acids or the grand jury.

A hotel man's life is not wholly destitute of joy and sunlight, after all. Hotel rolls, when properly fired, make a fine appearance as an ornamental corner on an iron fence. They have wonderful powers of endurance, also. People who have died suddenly from eating the hotel rolls have, in several instances, been cremated. When the ashes were carefully examined the roll was found to be intact.

I do not say that the right of way through perdition is not paved with good intentions, but I believe that many of our leading citizens will be disappointed when they get there to find the hotel roll on all the principal streets, placidly resisting the wear and tear of centuries, as well as the disastrous effects of the low, hot, malarious climate.

This roll is the bane of our modern civilization. It is carrying thousands down to the disagreeable realms of death. It is attractive in appearance, and when it beams upon us with its siren smile we are too apt to yield. But let us beware. No man should put a hotel biscuit in his mouth to steal away his brain.

If I had a son who wanted to become a hotel man, and eat these death balls, I would say to him: "Buy a hotel if you wish, Henry, (providing his name happened to be Henry), and run it and make money, but have a home that you can go to for your meals. Do not eat your own biscuit."

I saw a negro a week ago, in a Chicago museum, eating lamp chimneys and glass paper weights. His health seemed pretty fair, and I asked him how he preserved his longevity. He said he did it by drawing the line at baking powder rolls.—*Bill Nye in Boston Globe.*

Absence of Mind.

In his *Voyage autour de ma Chancrre* De Maistre discusses the very curious phenomenon of the independence of the mind and the body. He tells us how, in a fit of absent-mindedness, he often drew on his stocking wrong side out, and had to be reminded by his invaluable servant Joannetti of his

mistake. Many readers will call to mind experiences of their own of a similar nature. It seems quite common to put one's watch key to one's ear to ascertain if it is going; and many people are in the habit of winding their watches, and three minutes later pausing to wonder whether they have done so or not.

Who has not heard of the philosopher who boiled his watch while he calmly held the egg in his hand to note the time! Or of the equally erudite man of science, who, having peeled the apple, threw the apple itself over a cliff, and then discovered that the rind alone remained!

Another individual had the habit—nor such a very uncommon one—of forgetting his own name at awkward moments. One day he presented himself at the post office for letters, when, much to his disgust, he could not think of his own name. He turned sadly homeward, raking his brains in a vain endeavor to discover who he was. Suddenly a friend accosted him: "How are you, Mr. Brown?" "Brown, Brown, I have it!" cried the absent-minded one; and leaving his astonished friend, he rushed back to the post-office to get his letters.

Sometimes absence of mind produces very ludicrous effects. Harry Lorrequer's appearance on parade in the character of Othello is well known. A somewhat similar occurrence in real life happened not long ago. A student on leaving his rooms one afternoon to take a stroll in the fashionable street in a university town, suddenly remembered that the fire needed coals, and returned to replenish it. On issuing from his lodging the second time, he was surprised to see people looking at him with amused smile. Presently, some ragamuffins at a street corner began to make audible remarks. On looking down, he discovered, to his horror, that he was serenely carrying the fire-tongs in place of his umbrella.

One day an English servant wrote two letters, one to a business house in London, the other to a friend in Paris. In stamping them at the post-office, he placed the penny stamp on the letter for Paris, and the other on the business letter. Remarking to the post-office clerk that he would correct the error, he changed the addresses! It was not till after he had posted the letters that he understood why the clerk had not been impressed with his brilliant idea.

The Hog's Importance.

The hog is not only of importance at home, but is beginning to make a respectable showing in our exports, although Bismarck is doing what he can to keep him out of Germany. Meanwhile, we have frequent discussions on eating pork, and the propriety of setting one side the Mosaic law which prohibits its use as food, a law which our Hebrew friends religiously obey.

The hog is not, however, to be exterminated. A newly arrived Irishman once said to the inmate of a pig-sty: "Bedad, you are the only gentleman in America, the only being that lives without work." He breaks into gardens and roots under gates of front yards. He enters into the composition of half your articles of food; he lies down boldly in your meat platter; he gets into your pies and cakes, making a sad mess of them. Your cook makes you a loaf of bread. The hog is in it. You take a slice of "nice Saratoga potato." The hog is all around it in a delicate film, giving it flavor and crispiness. He is at the bottom of much of our dyspepsia and biliousness. We cannot escape him. He is everywhere, dead or alive. We eat hog, breathe hog; our midnight slumbers are disturbed by the yell of his drivers, "making night hideous," and finally, our human sensibilities are shocked by his cries, as he is being offered an unwilling victim to our swinish appetites.

I have somewhere read that some heathen cosmogonist made the earth to rest on a hog, the hog rested on a turtle, and the turtle on an elephant, and the elephant did not rest on anything. We take the liberty to question this theory; but it is quite unquestionable that the world of Christendom rests to a certain extent, commercially and dietetically, upon the hog, which the great lawgiver and writer of the first five books of the Bible absolutely prohibited, and that too, doubtless, for sanitary reasons, which are everlasting and immutable.—*Ben Perley Poore.*

Providence Independent.

Thursday, May 27, 1886.

TERMS:—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk, 6.47 a. m. Accommodation, 8.07 a. m. Market, 1.30 p. m. Accommodation, 4.34 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.

Mail, 7.17 a. m. Accommodation, 9.14 a. m. Market, 3.13 p. m. Accommodation, 6.46 p. m.

SUNDAY—SOUTH.

Milk, 6.56 a. m. Accommodation, 8.49 p. m.

NORTH.

Milk, 9.33 a. m. Accommodation, 5.41 p. m.

All communications, business or otherwise, transmitted to us through the mails, to receive immediate attention, must be directed to Collegeville, P. O., hereafter.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

—The weather! We have no comments to make this week.

—Rev. C. Z. Weizer, D. D., chaplain of the Sixth Regiment, has resigned.

—Merchant W. P. Fenton's bay windows are now adorned with nicely lettered curtains.

—Mrs. Grubb, of this place, is gradually recovering from a long and painful illness.

—Jacob U. Brunner, residing near Belfry, this county, had all his harness stolen a few nights ago.

—Catharine Gabel, of Gabelsville, Berks county, died Monday evening, aged 101 years, 5 months and 5 days.

—Daniel inclines to think there is more distinction than difference between a parasol and an umbrella. He is catching on right well.

—The annual meeting and election of officers of the Perkiomen and Reading Turnpike Company will be held on Monday, June 7th, at the Shuler House, Pottstown.

—John Dager, of Ambler, is nearly 93 years of age, and can read without glasses. He was a soldier of the war of 1812, and draws a yearly pension of \$95.

—You may not believe in "pow-wow," but Jake does, and the Captain is "almost persuaded" to believe as Jake believes. There is not quite so much hope for the "squire and the editor."

—The Directors of the Poor will receive on Monday, June 7th, proposals for the erection of fire escapes at the almshouse—two for the main building and two for the hospital.

—An infant son of Geo. W. Yost, this place, died very suddenly of convulsions last Saturday evening. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon. Interment in Lutheran cemetery, Trappe.

—Mrs. Evan Pennypacker, of Royersford, was stricken with apoplexy a few days ago, while descending the cellar stairs, and falling fractured her skull. There is little hope of her recovery.

—There are two prominent classes of men in every community. The one goes ahead and does something while the other sits back and grumbles because it was not done some other way, or why it should be done at all.

—We respectfully suggest that the Prohibition party of Montgomery county keep an eye on the peculiar and striking merits of Bro. J. A. Guss, of the Royersford Bulletin, when nominations for public positions are to be made.

—He was looking for a rich wife and thought he was on the trail. "I love you," he said to her, in rich, warm tones, "more than I can tell you in words." "You'd better try figures," she replied, coldly; for she was not so green as she looked.

—Mrs. Wm. H. Blanchford took her Trinity Sunday school class of seven little girls to a neighboring grove, last Saturday afternoon, and treated them so kindly and well that the pleasant occasion will not fade from their memories very soon.

—Those who are inclined to take an interest in scientific truth, should carefully read the first column of the first page of this paper, as edited by Dr. J. Hamer, Sr. The Dr. is a competent and careful scientific writer, and will always be found ready to demonstrate any statement he may make.

—While a thunderstorm was raging recently in Butler county, this State, a thunderbolt struck a tree, jumped off to a wire clothesline, followed it to the door of W. J. Adams' house, passed from the wire to his daughter's head, burned her hair and eyebrows, ran

down her right leg, and tore off her shoe. Although badly burned, the girl will recover.

—The open meeting of the Schaff Literary Society, in the College chapel, last Friday evening, is said to have been an entire success. Our reporter was not able to attend, and the young gentleman who promised us a report failed to come to time; hence the Schaffs will excuse this brief mention of the open meeting.

—We have received from S. H. Orr, a prominent public school teacher of Lucon, a copy of "Topical Outlines of the History and the Constitution of the United States, etc." Prof. J. K. Harley, of Trappe, a member of the faculty of the Reading High School, is the author of the work, which will certainly prove to be of great value to both teacher and pupil.

—Two glaring and unpardonable errors occurred in last week's issue. One was the statement that "County Treasurer Yost, &c." It should have been County Treasurer Cole. If the treasurer won't pardon us what will we do? The other error was an announcement that the body of a certain gentleman of Phoenixville was found floating in the Pickering creek. The man referred to is alive and well. Bro. Roberts will not accept an excuse for this misstatement, and we feel bad about it. The false item of news referred to was scissored from a wicked exchange, and thus we became a partner, unknowingly, to a miserable act. It's a hard, very hard matter, to scissor truth nowadays.

Run Over.

We have meagre information regarding an accident which befell a daughter of Mr. Jacob Gotwals, this township, one day last week. It seems the little girl fell under the wheels of a wagon, while in motion, and was very painfully and seriously injured.

Confirmed.

A number of young persons were added to Trinity Christian church, this place, last Sunday morning, by the rite of confirmation performed by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Hendricks, assisted by Prof. J. S. Weinberger. The attendance was large. Rev. Hendricks discoursed on the text: "Many are called but few chosen," and took rather a liberal view of the Scriptural phrase that has puzzled numerous minds.

St. Luke's.

Matters at St. Luke's Reformed church, Trappe, are now looking in the direction of retaining the pastor and giving him three months' leave of absence to canvass for the college. A petition to this effect has been circulated through the congregation and has received numerous signatures. The Consistory meets to-day (Thursday) and definite action may be looked for. We hope this compromise may be effected and all interests satisfied. Mr. Spangler will preach next Sunday morning and evening.

Improvement.

Says the National Defender: "John Longacre, Upper Providence, residing on the road leading from Collegeville to Phoenixville, is the owner of two of the largest, handsomest and most productive farms in that section of the country, and is making great improvements to his farms by opening a grand thoroughfare, forty feet wide, through both farms, and has named it Pennsylvania avenue. Citizens of the lower end of the county having passed over the new road last week pronounce it one of the most complete drives they have ever seen."

Resigned.

B. F. Steiner, agent for the Perkiomen railroad at this station, will not be cashier of the new Royersford bank. Mr. Steiner was not aware, when he allowed his name to go before the board of directors, that the cashier's remuneration would barely exceed what he receives as agent. When he ascertained the amount of salary he would receive as cashier, he concluded not to exchange positions and assume graver responsibilities without increased pay—hence his resignation. At a recent meeting of the board Grant Pinkbinder, of Spring City, was elected in Mr. Steiner's place.

Final Examination.

Hon. E. L. Acker, ex-Congressman, and ex-editor of the Register, of Norristown, recently passed the final examination at the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania. The examiners were Judge Hare, Prof. James Parsons and Prof. George Tucker Bisham. Prof. E. Cooper Mitchell was not present at the oral examination on account of illness. Prof. Bisham officiating in his place. We hope the Dr. will meet with substantial success in the practice of his newly acquired profession.

Base Ball.

The Ursinus team faced another contest with the Hatters' nine of Ironbridge, at this place, last Saturday afternoon. The cheering, at times, during the progress of the base ball battle, was loud and long, reminding older heads of heated Presidential campaign meetings and hurrahs. Had the result been otherwise, perhaps the huzzas would not have been quite so emphatic. The Hatters played hard to win, but the Ursinus team was strong, winning by a score of 30 to 14. We expect to observe mention of the recent victories of the Ursinus nine in the next issue of the College Bulletin.

INNINGS.

Ursinus, - 1 10 7 1 0 5 0 1—30
Ironbridge, - 2 0 0 0 9 1 1—14

William K. Anders, who removed from near Fairview to Lansdale last spring, died at his residence in that borough on Monday morning last week, of paralysis of the brain. Although he had been unwell for several weeks,

his death was not expected until within half an hour before he died. He was employed in Heebner & Sons Agricultural works, and his sterling integrity in all his doings won for him many kind friends. His funeral took place Friday morning, interment being made in the grounds of the Schwenkfelder church, Worcester.

Correspondence.

Entertainment.

Do not fail to attend the entertainment-to-morrow evening, May 28th, in Friendship hall, Ironbridge. The most prominent productions of the evening will be given by the lady elocutionist, Miss Wise, of Philadelphia, and the eloquent speaker, Mr. Porter, who on several occasions has entertained the audience of Lutheran Lyceum so favorably.

Sad Accident.

On Wednesday afternoon, last week, passenger train No. 16, on the Perkiomen Railroad, ran over a 12 year old boy named Romig, between Emanuel Junction and Allentown, instantly killing him. The unfortunate lad was lying on the track asleep only a short distance away from his father who was working on the road in the capacity of repairsman. The back of the head was crushed in.

Horse Fight.

Samuel E. Brecht and family, of Skippack township, attended the funeral of Jacob M. Cassel at Green Tree cemetery a few days ago, and placed their double team in the carriage sheds. During the funeral the horses for some unknown reason went to kicking and biting each other. The carriage was demolished, and the animals did not cease until they had torn themselves entirely out of the harness. Both are severely, and it is feared permanently injured.

The Result of a Lightning's Bolt.

During the heavy thunder storm of last Saturday evening the barn of Mrs. Vandergrift, near the Red Lion in Bucks county, was struck by lightning and set on fire. The flames spread with such rapidity that none of the stock could be removed from the building, and all was destroyed. Included in the contents were five horses, nine cows, a lot of straw, hay, feed and harness, beside a number of agricultural implements. The loss is estimated at \$5000, which is partially covered by insurance in the Bucks County Mutual.

Decoration Day.

It is probable that Decoration day will be fittingly observed in this community, next Saturday. In the morning members of the G. A. R. Post of Phoenixville will visit the various cemeteries in this section and decorate the graves of the soldiers who died battling for the stars and stripes or who have departed hence since the war. Similar proceedings will be enacted by the P. O. S. of A., No. 267, this place, in the afternoon. At four o'clock exercises of an interesting character will take place in the basement of Trinity church. I. P. Wanger, Esq., the orator of the Norristown bar will deliver an oration, C. Tyson Kratz, Esq., of Lower Providence will read an original poem and Miss Alice Hunsicker will give a recitation. A choir will supply suitable music. No doubt the attendance at Trinity church will be large as occasions of the kind usually attract the presence of a majority of our citizens, whose bosoms are ever ready to swell under the influence of patriotic sentiment.

Reunion.

Arrangements are being completed for a reunion of the members of the old Union Brass Band of Perkiomen Bridge, to which reference was made some time ago. It is intended that all the survivors of the old musical organization, who served with the band during a part of the civil war, shall be present at the reunion, which will be held at Gross' hotel, this place, on Thursday, July 15th. S. S. Augue, of this place, who has been appointed a member of the committee of arrangements, informs us that a meeting will be held at Evansburg next Saturday evening, for the purpose of bringing together the members of the old band who reside in this section of the county, and of perfecting further arrangements.

Personal.

A few years ago J. W. Meminger came down from the mountainous regions of the Keystone State and began drinking in knowledge at the Ursinus fountain. He came with a vigorous physique, an apt mind and a determination to win laurels in the field of study. He commenced at the base of the mountain then, now he is reaching out to tap its highest summit. On Saturday last we gave James a parting shake of the right hand of fellowship, as he was about to leave Collegeville and the shades of Ursinus. He has finished his theological course, and is about to enter the ministry, having been elected pastor of three Chester county churches. Along with his collegiate and theological studies he took a full course in the Philadelphia school of oratory, and graduated therefrom on Saturday. It is not too much to say, in view of what has been said, that James is certainly fully equipped educationally, theologically, and oratorically, to fill a pulpit and preach the gospel to the entire satisfaction of his Chester county congregations. We wish Rev. J. W. Meminger a large measure of success in his future conquests with the world in general and the devil in particular. If his name is not written high up among the big lights of the Reformed Church, within the next ten years, we shall be considerably surprised. During his stay here he made many warm friends, and we were all sorry to see him depart.

MARRIAGES.

May 22, at Eagleview, Pa., by Rev. T. J. Siegfried, Samuel L. Rambo, of Upper Providence, and Lizzie Stehruck, of Lower Providence, all of this county.

"Champion Cake Baker."

A young lady of Lower Providence writes us that among the many ladies of that township noted for baking fine cakes, there is a "champion cake baker." Furthermore, the "champion" proposes to do her level best in baking cakes of extraordinary excellence for the strawberry and ice cream festival to be held in the Episcopal church grove, Evansburg, on Saturday evening, June 12th. Our fair young correspondent has a straight eye for the strawberry and ice cream business. The young man who will not make an effort to attend that festival and sample the cakes baked by the "champion" will manifest the qualities of a wrinkled baclocher, having no appreciation of feminine acquisitions in his soul. The "champion cake baker"—or bakeress—of Lower Providence deserves to be recognized by an appreciative public, and embraced by the best young man in the township.

Limerick Pencillings.

We did not see that excursion to Zeiber's park start last Thursday; what was the matter? Was it indefinitely postponed?

Evening festivals are in order for a season, quite a number being already billed. The Union Sunday School of Limerick Station will hold a festival on the chapel grounds on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, May 27, 28 and 29. The Lawrenceville Cornet Band will be present on Saturday evening.

B. F. Iselt is making extensive improvements about his dwelling. He has built an L to the main building, and is putting a new roof on the main structure. During the recent heavy rains his house was without a roof and much difficulty was experienced in keeping the furniture dry.

The Limerick Square Cornet Band will initiate their new turnout on Thursday, June 3d, by taking a pleasure trip over the following route: To Perkiomen Bridge, to Zieglerstown, to Swamp, and down Boyertown pike, home. Look out for them.

Some people it appears are born rogues. A certain man not one hundred miles from here contracted with other parties for a set of harness, and after getting them, and repeated efforts to collect the bill, he now blandly refuses to ever try to pay, and will not return the goods. And yet he has the cheek to drive past dozens of members of the organization which he has swindled without a blush, or even tint of shame about him. Such men should be shown up to the public, as is their due. ESWARK.

Echoes from Ironbridge and Vicinity.

Rain! When the rain ceases to fall for a day or two, the farmers will begin, or finish, planting corn. When?

J. Stoneback, proprietor of the large brick yard, is rushed with orders. The damp weather interferes with the manufacture of brick, and James is puzzled to know how he can "catch up."

Rev. Kauffman will conduct religious services in the chapel next Sunday evening.

A car load of fine cows arrived here Monday night. -J. G. Stauffer will sell them at public sale, at Keiff's hotel, to-day—May 27.

R. H. Gottshalk is at present superintending the work of constructing a handsome barn for Miss Davis, at Evansburg; Hunsicker Bros., are furnishing the lumber.

And it has arrived at last—that new porch in front of C. M. Hunsicker's residence. Charlie will rest his tired limbs beneath the roof of the new addition and watch the golden summer sunsets.

Tuesday evening next a meeting will be held in Friendship Hall for the purpose of taking initiatory steps in the direction of organizing an order of Knights of the Golden Eagle. All invited.

The musical and literary entertainment announced for this (Thursday) evening, will be held in Friendship hall to-morrow evening, May 28. Attend and give the I. B. B. C. encouragement.

The old clock, without a tick or a tock, is still at rest. It moves not with the world but points, without a quiver or a shake, to an early morning hour all hours of the twenty-four. It knows but one hour and passing time, so far as it is concerned, receives no record. It is a great clock, and ought to be placed on a high walnut pedestal and decorated with the stars and stripes.

The Ironbridge Band will furnish music for the members of the G. A. R. Post, of Phoenixville, in the forenoon, and for the P. O. S. of A., No. 267, in the afternoon of Decoration Day.

If you would like to ascertain whether-batters are able to swing the pick and shovel just get them interested in mapping out a diamond on a plot of uneven ground. Then you will ascertain. The glories of base ball will fire their muscles and warm up their zeal every time. We trust our good friends will yet vanquish the Ursinus club.

Our portly friend D. M. Hunsicker, proprietor of the big brick mill on the other side of the river, proposes to build a stable this summer. He has entertained a determination to build for a long time and when his intentions assume a practical shape the stable will be built. That's sure. SLACK & CO.

Correspondence.

A Brilliant Wedding.
Edward S. Johnson, M. D., of Skippack, Pa., was married to Miss Beckie M. Goess, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1307 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, the 20th of May. At 8 o'clock, to the strains of a wedding march by Prof. C. J. Heppie, the bridal party appeared before a large number of invited guests. Dr. G. C. Goess, Jr., of Philadelphia, brother of the bride, was groomsmen,

and Miss Annie M. Coler, of Roxborough, bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed by the brother of the groom, Rev. Warren J. Johnson, of Manheim, Pa. The many handsome presents showed the esteem in which the contracting parties were held. Dr. Johnson is a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., and has taken a three years' course with distinction and honor in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, graduating among the highest in a class of 223 in April. He is assistant to Dr. Samuel Wolfe, the eminently successful practitioner of Skippack, and after a short tour will return to that place to continue practicing in his chosen profession.

In the Hands of Sharpers.

One day last week two men halted at the residence of Mr. Isaac Wanner, this place, and proceeded to interview that gentleman, who was at the time engaged in white-coating a recently constructed pale fence. The visitors stated that they had been informed that Mr. Wanner was the owner of a farm in Lower Providence, and that it was their intention to purchase the same with a view of permanently locating a rather wary friend of theirs, to settle him down in life and make a soil tiller of him. Mr. Wanner replied that he had a farm for sale, and would dispose of it on easy terms. The visitors then proposed that he should go with them to the farm. Very naturally the proposition was accepted, and after Mr. Wanner got on the outside of his white-washed garments and on the inside of his "go-to-meeting" broadcloth, he stepped into the strangers' vehicle and went with them to view his Lower Providence farm. Having arrived on the premises, a general survey of the property was made. About this time a third stranger appeared, who professed to be engaged in buying bulls for Kentucky stock farms. He appeared also to be somewhat interested in the real estate proceedings. Soon after the arrival of No. 3, it was suggested that an inspection of the barn be made, and Mr. Wanner became decidedly suspicious and watched the actions of the men with much interest, and perhaps a little fear. As soon as the visitors reached the barn floor a game of cards was proposed, and Mr. Wanner was urgently requested to "take a hand." He flatly refused, saying he was ignorant of the card business, and manifested no desire to learn the arts of the card board. The strangers tried hard to induce him to join in the game, but their efforts were vainly exerted. The game, without its intended victim, proved dry and uninteresting, was considerably abbreviated, and the parties, on which the premises, they offered to take Mr. Wanner home, but he showed a desire to travel alone and came home on foot. He had been undoubtedly, in the hands of swindling sharpers, and his escape was so agreeable that the two miles' walk was only a bit of pleasant recreation for him. The swindlers left for parts unknown.

On Monday, May 24, somewhere between the residence of the undersigned in Lower Providence and Norristown, an account and bank check of \$100.00, payable to the order of the undersigned, were found lying on the ground. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning the same to the owner, or by leaving it at Kniff's store. HENRY FRY.

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NOTICE!

I hereby inform my patrons and the public in general that on and after the first day of June 1886, I will conduct my business strictly on a cash basis. Cash sales and small profits will benefit my customers and secure me against frequent losses on all bills. I am, remaining unsettled after the expiration of sixty days from date will be placed in the hands of a collector.

JOHN G. DETWILER, Harness Manufacturer,
Upper Providence Square, May 3, '86.

FIRE!

NOTICE.—The members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Co., of Montgomery county, are hereby notified that a contribution was levied March 5, 1886, of One Dollar on each One Thousand Dollars for which they are insured, and that M. McGlathery Treasurer of said Company, will attend at his office, No. 506 Swede St., in the Borough of Norristown, to receive said assessments.

The 40 day's time for payment of said tax will date from April 13, 1886.

M. MCGLATHERY,
Treasurer.

FIRE!

NOTICE.—The members of the Union Mutual Fire and Storm Insurance Co., of Montgomery county, are hereby notified that a contribution was levied on March 15, 1886, of One Dollar on each One Thousand Dollars for which they are insured, and that Henry Fleck, Treasurer of said Company, will attend at the office of the Company, Swede Street, opposite the court house, in the borough of Norristown, from that date to that time to receive said assessments.

Extract of Charter, Section 6th.—"Any member failing to pay his or her Assessments or Tax within 40 days after the above publication shall forfeit and pay for such neglect double such rates and in case default is made 50 days after the expiration of the 40 days aforesaid, such defaulting member shall be liable to the Board of Managers, and yet be held liable for all past Taxes and Penalties."

Persons sending money by mail must accompany it with postage for return of a receipt.

April 22, 1886. HENRY FLECK,
Treasurer.

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA.
Office Hours:—until 9 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Branch Office:—RAHN STATION; Office Hours:—from 1 to 6 p. m.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Office Hours: { Till 9 a. m. 12 to 2 p. m.
After 6 p. m.
Special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.

DR. B. F. PLACE,
DENTIST ! !
36 E. Airy Street, (opposite Veranda House)
NORRISTOWN. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Mondays and Tuesdays.
Prices greatly reduced.

F. G. HOBSON,
Attorney-at-Law.
Cor. MAIN and SWEDE Streets, Norristown, Pa.
Can be seen every evening at his residence, Freeland.

H. M. BROWNBACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
Jun. 25-1yr.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLACKSTONE BUILDING, No. 727 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
Second Floor, Room 15.
Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Dec. 17, 1yr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,
Justice of the Peace
COLLEGEVILLE Pa.
CONVEYANCER and General Business Agent.
Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY.
(1/2 mile north of Trappe.)
Surveyor and Conveyancer
Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
Nov. 8-6m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater ! !
RAHN'S STATION Pa.
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

LEWIS WISMER,
Practical Slater !
Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

EDWARD DAVID,
PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE PA.
Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

SAMUEL P. SHANTZ.
Carpenter and Builder.
RAHN STATION, PA.
Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work. No pains spared to give satisfaction.

J. G. T. MILLER.
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
TRAPPE PA.
Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly.

J. W. GOTWALS.
PAINTER, GRAINER & PAPER HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.,
All orders promptly executed.
apr-16-1f

I. P. RHOADES.
TRAPPE, PA. DEALER IN
BEEF, MUTTON and VEAL,
Vegetables and Fruit in season.
aug. 20. Orders thankfully received.

THE POPULAR
DINING ROOMS,
Under Acker's Building, Swede Street, near Main, Norristown.
HARRY B. LONG, Proprietor.
Is the place to go to get anything you may desire in the eating line, prepared in the best style, at moderate cost. Fresh Oysters, the largest and best in town, done up in every style. Remember the place and favor it with your patronage when in town.

JOSEPH STONE,
CARPET WEAVER
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL,
(Formerly Beard House.)
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Department of Agriculture.
PROPOSED BOGUS BUTTER LAW
RESTRICTIONS PROPOSED TO PLACE ON THE MANUFACTURER.

Following is a summary of the bill pending in Congress designed to control the manufacture of bogus butter. Section 1 provides that "butter" shall be understood to mean the product usually known as butter, manufactured exclusively from milk or cream, or both.

Section 2 provides that certain extracts, mixtures and compounds shall be known and designated as "oleomargarine," namely oleomargarine, oleo, oleomargarine-oil, butterine, lardine, suine, and neutral; all mixtures and compounds of the same; all lard and tallow extracts and all mixtures and compounds of tallow, beef-fat, suet, lard, lard-oil, vegetable-oil, annatto and other coloring matter of intestinal-fat and offal-fat made in imitation or semblance of butter or intended to be used as butter.

Section 3 imposes special taxes as follows: Upon manufacturers of oleomargarine, \$600; upon wholesale dealers in oleomargarine, \$480; retail dealers, \$48.

Section 4 provides that every person who carries on the business of a manufacturer of oleomargarine without having paid the special tax, shall be fined from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in addition to the liability to pay the tax. Wholesale dealers shall likewise be fined from \$500 to \$3,000, and retail dealers from \$50 to \$500.

Section 5 provides that manufacturers shall file with the Collector of Internal Revenue of the District such notices, inventories and bonds, keep such books, render such returns, put up such signs and conduct his business under surveillance as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, may require.

Section 6 is as follows: "All oleomargarine shall be packed by the manufacturer thereof in irkins, tubs, or other wooden packages, not before used for that purpose, each containing not less than ten pounds and marked, stamped and branded, as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, may prescribe. And all sales made by manufacturers of oleomargarine and wholesale dealers in oleomargarine shall be in original stamped packages. Retail dealers in oleomargarine must sell only from original stamped packages in quantities not exceeding ten pounds, and shall pack the oleomargarine sold by them in suitable wooden packages which shall be marked and branded as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shall prescribe.

Dealers violating this section shall be fined for each offense not less than \$100 nor more than \$1,000, and be imprisoned not less than six months nor more than two years.

Section 7 provides that manufacturers shall, under penalty of \$50, affix a label to every package of oleomargarine, stating the number of the manufacturer and cautioning all persons not to use the package or the stamp again, nor remove the contents without destroying the stamp.

Section 8 fixes a tax of 10 cents a pound upon oleomargarine to be paid by the manufacturer, and any fractional part of a pound in a package shall be taxed as a pound.

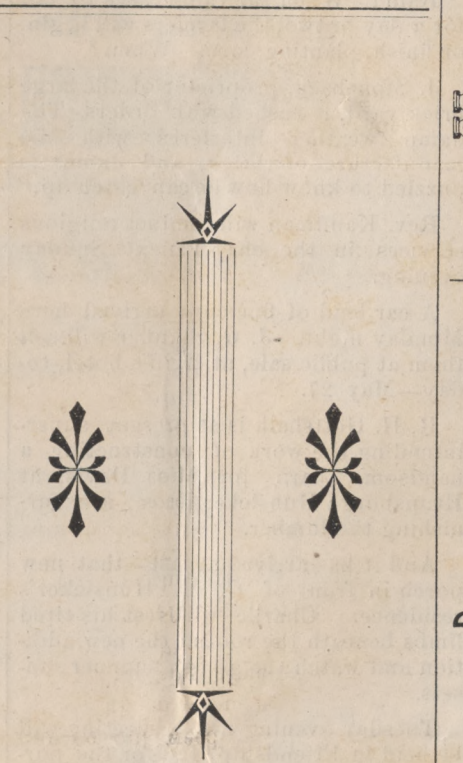
Section 10 provides that all imported oleomargarine shall pay in addition to the import duty an internal revenue of 10 cents per pound.

Section 14 provides for the appointment of an analytical chemist and a microscopist in the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and authorizes the Commissioner in his judgment to employ chemists and microscopists. And the Commissioner is authorized to decide what substances which may be submitted in contested cases are to be taxed under this act, and his decision shall be final. He is also authorized to decide whether any substance made in imitation of butter is deleterious to the public health, but his decision in this matter may be appealed from to a board composed of the Surgeons-General of the Army and Navy and the Commissioner of Agriculture.

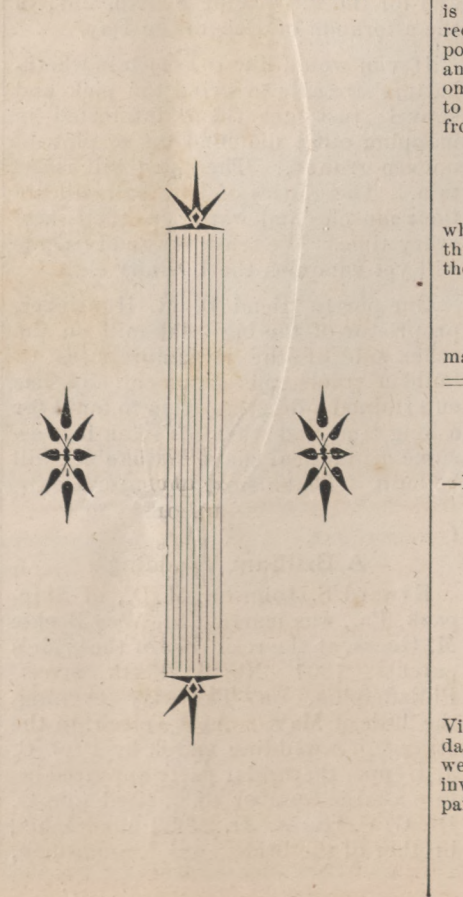
Any person who shall willfully remove or deface the stamps, marks or brands on packages containing oleomargarine shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine of \$100 to \$2,000, and by imprisonment from ten days to six months. Oleomargarine may be removed from the place of manufacture for export to a foreign country without payment of tax or affixing stamps thereto, under such regulations as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue may prescribe. Every person who shall export oleomargarine shall brand upon every tub, firkin or other package containing such article the word "oleomargarine" in plain letters one-half inch square. All fines, penalties and forfeitures imposed by the act may be recovered in any court of competent jurisdiction, one-half of the fine or penalty when paid to go to the informer.

SEEDS AND WEEDS.
How long a seed will retain its vitality is a question which can never be settled, because people cannot live long enough to decide it. The past season an old fence row dividing a garden from a field, which neighbors say has not been disturbed for at least a century, was spaded up, and produced a thick growth of wild mustard. This is a common weed in my neighborhood, and comes up whenever any new land is cleared or old meadow or garden is plowed or spaded deeply, or wherever the earth is thrown out from newly dug cellars. It is said that the heaps of earth which have been left around old European mines undisturbed since the ancient Romans left them became covered with the common weeds of the country as soon as they are turned over. I have recently seen newly cleared forest land springing up thickly with red top grass, and this is the common natural herbage over extensive areas, and on the tops of the mountains in the Blue Ridge country from West Virginia to Alabama. Every backwoods farmer knows how the common fire weed springs up on newly cleared and burned timber land. All these well-known facts tend to show that seeds of many varieties of plants are practically indestructible by any natural causes in the soil. Hence the greatest caution is to be observed in keeping seeds of weeds out of manure and from the soil.

There are few things which are impossible when one determines to do them, and the clearing of a farm or garden of weeds is quite easily possible. The way to do this is to never let a weed seed. In time the stock will be exhausted. The usual "how-not-to-do-it" plan is to spend a great deal of labor with the cultivator and the hoe in rooting out weeds while a crop is young, and then when the very worst time—the seeding time—arrives, the crop is "laid by" as it is called, and the weeds are left to ripen, and scatter their seeds on the soil to make work for another year. If a farmer is asked what is the greatest drawback to his success he will tell you it is the nuisance of weeds, but the Northern farmer has a very faint idea of them as compared with the Southern farmers, and yet these Southern farmers are the most careless of any in this respect.—
New York Times.



BOTTOM PRICES.
The flour manufactured at the Collegeville Roller Mills is disposed of as fast as the Rollers, running constantly, can produce it. Having a limited amount of room to store feed I must dispose of it as fast as it accumulates. Consequently, by way of offering extra inducements, I am selling BRAN, MIDDINGS, and all kinds of Feed at **BOTTOM PRICES.** Call and see for yourself and get figures. It will certainly be to your interest to do so.
E. PAIST.



The Roberts Machine Company.
Collegeville, Pa.



Parties who want a convenient and ample water supply should address THE ROBERTS MACHINE COMPANY, Collegeville, Pa. Having had years of experience in erecting the celebrated PERKINS WINDMILL, and inasmuch as we have just received the sole agency for these Windmills in the counties of Montgomery, Chester, Berks, and Bucks, with our largely increased facilities to do satisfactory work we are fully prepared to contract for the erecting of these Mills and to do Plumbing in every branch. We keep in stock a variety of the best Hand Pumps. We also manufacture Cedar Tanks of any size. Our celebrated One and Two Horse Powers, and DWARF THRESHERS and SEPARATORS and our Clipper Fodder Cutters with Grinders are doing excellent work and are unsurpassed anywhere. We are prepared to furnish Pulleys, Hangers, Shafting and General Mill Work. Erect ENGINES and BOILERS and in fact to do general steam work.

Agricultural and Harvesting Machinery,
of various kinds for sale. We will give information in regard to water supplies generally, and are prepared to bore Artesian Wells to any depth necessary.

Repairing in all its branches Promptly Attended to
BY COMPETENT WORKMEN.

Our Facilities for Executing
: JOB WORK :
are such as to enable us to do strictly First-class work promptly and at reasonable prices. The Job Work done at the INDEPENDENT office favorably compares with that done anywhere in the County. Favor us with your orders and we will do our best to serve you well.

If you have anything to sell and want to sell it and if you want your neighbors and the rest of mankind to know that you have something to sell and want to sell it—no matter what it is—

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Super Phosphate!
which stands high in commercial value; is not injurious to plant germs, and is equal to any in the market in ammonia, blood and bone phosphate. It is one of the best phosphates now used. I also recommend the ROSEBONE PHOSPHATE, composed of 1/4 guano, the balance dissolved bone and potash. It has given complete satisfaction on all crops. Price: \$20.50 delivered. In addition to these I will furnish a valuable fertilizer, imported from South America, a Superior

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which will analyze 5 to 7 per cent. in ammonia—three grades, from \$36 to \$45 per ton. For further particulars call on or address,
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